Then Madam stand resolud, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that armde the Queene of Troy,
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene,)
To quit the bloodie wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romane rights, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrifising fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our brethren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*,
Make this his latest farewell to their soules.

Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

In peace and honour rest you here my sonnes,
Roomes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,
Here grow no damned drugges, here are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,
In peace and honour rest you here my sonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and father liue in fame:
Lo at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my brethrens obsequies.
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on this earth, for thy returne to Rome,
O blesse me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Roomes best Citizens applaud.

Titus. Kinde Rome that hast thus louingly reserude,

The Cordiall of mine
Lauinia liue, outliue t
And fames eternall da

Marcus. Long li
Gratious triumpher i

Titus. Thanks gent

Marcus. And welc
You that suruiue, and
Faire Lords, your fort
That in your Countrie
But safer triumph is th
That hath aspirde to *So*
And triumphs ouer cl
Titus Andronicus, the
Whose friend in iust
Send thee by mee thei
This Palliament of wh
And name thee in elec
With these our late
Be *Candidatus* then an
And helpe to set a hea

Titus. A better h
Than his that shakes fo
What should I don t
Be chosen with Procla
To morrow yeeld vp r
And set abroad new b
Roome I haue beene
And led my Countries
And buried one and t
Knighted in Field, slai
In right and seruice of
Giue me a staffe of Ho
But not a scepter to c
Vpright he held it Lo